

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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EDITOR

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SATAN AND THE WORLD'S NEED.

What would the world do without Satan? Did you ever stop to think? Did you ever count the men you know who find employment because of him and reckon the number who would be out of a job if His Luciferian Majesty should be caught by the forces he has baffled so long and chained up? Did it ever occur to you how many useful industries depend on him for their very existence—for their breath of life?

Of course, the churches and ministers, the printers and publishers of Bibles and tracts and hymn-books, the builders of churches and cathedrals, monasteries, convents and the like, the fabricators of robes and cassocks, stained glass, bells and candles, would all suffer. If there were no Satan to be afraid of there would really be little doing in religious circles; for, secure and comfortable, our redemption certain, we should gradually lapse back into an easy frame of mind and leave the rest to God, singing as we yawn:

Nothing either great or small remains for us to do.

Naturally, armies and navies, police, courts, constabulary, prisons and prison guards, all things contentious and all things that punish contention or protect society from it, would stand little show. Satan, whether a person or an impersonal evil principle, is the maker of all the trouble which force is needed to quell. Remove him and a stagnant peace ensues. Armies are disbanded, busy arsenals closed and the Dreadnoughts molder forgotten at their moorings. Fighting seamen become land-lubbers. The wage-earning power of the war-artisan is gone. The policeman "beats it"; there is no longer sale for locks and bolts and a thousand factories go out of business. Even the canvas and sailmakers want for bread. The coal and ironmakers try idleness awhile and then rise, demanding as one man that Satan shall be let out on parole to restore good times. There will be grave conferences of sour-visaged judges in vacant courtrooms and of hungry lawyers about the back doors of cafes as to the advisability of habeas corpus proceedings so that the Prince of Business may be set on his throne again.

When you come to think of it, Satan is the man in the powerhouse. He inspires the greed for gain which underlies all great business enterprises. He is Mammon, the god of wealth, and without wealth we should all be as idle and useless as those ridiculous lotus-eaters, those original victims of the gold-bug, Adam and Eve. Satan makes the competition which is the life of trade; the method he fights with all his native sagacity is that of turning the other cheek and letting the man who steals your cloak rob you of your coat also, thus compounding a felony. Satan nerves the fighter and begets trouble; and trouble is just as much needed in human economy as it is in the sea, which, if allowed to settle down, would soon become stagnant and noisome. Trouble begets men; lack of it begets bad air and swamp water.

The world that makes much of theology—and it is a world that is growing smaller all the while—has fought Satan ever since he first stoked his furnaces. But the old man held his peace and went on energizing things among the people of this world. He hustled and made others do so. Every preacher tells us that he still has the upper hand on earth and scientists say that the same earth is becoming more and more productive and creative and intellectual and altogether satisfactory to take up a claim in. So here's to his Infernal but Indispensable Majesty, Satan the First! Here's to his health and longevity! If he gets too gay now and then, we will start a revival and tame him, for Satan trembles when he sees the weakest sinner on his knees. But taking him as he ordinarily runs along, we shall thank Omnipotence that gave him to the world, for keeping him here to do a great and necessary work, and for putting off the day when, for his sins of overzeal, he will have to spend a thousand years in irons, much to the disadvantage of the human family, which needs him in its business.

Dr. Eliot's Book List

New York Tribune.

BOSTON, June 26.—Ex-President Eliot of Harvard has made the final selection of a large part of the books which will make up the "Harvard classics," to carry out his idea of choosing from the best literature of the world a five-foot shelf of books intended exclusively for English speaking people. Of this selection he says:

"It is my belief that the faithful and considerate reading of these books, with such rereadings and memorizings as individual taste may prescribe, will give any man the essentials of a liberal education, even if he can devote to them only fifteen minutes a day."

The selections, so far as they have been made, are:

Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.
"Journal of John Woodman."
"Fruits of Solitude," by William Penn.
Bacon's Essays and "The New Atlantis."
Milton's "Areopagitica" and "Tractate on Education."
Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici."
Plato's Apology, "Phaedo" and "Crito."
Golden Sayings of Epictetus.
Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.
Emerson's Essays.
Emerson's "English Traits."
The Complete Poems of Milton.
Johnson's "Volpone."
Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Maid's Tragedy."
Webster's "Duchess of Malfi."
Middleton's "The Changeling."
Dryden's "All for Love."
Shelley's "Cenci."
Browning's "Blot on the 'Scutcheon."
Tennyson's "Becket."
Goethe's "Faust."
Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus."
Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations."
Letters of Cicero and Pliny.
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."
Burns's "Tam o' Shanter."
Walton's "Compleat Angler."
Lives of Donne and Herbert.
Autobiography of St. Augustine.
Plutarch's "Lives."
Dryden's "Aeneid."
"Canterbury Tales," Chaucer.
"Imitation of Christ," Thomas a Kempis.
Dante's "Divine Comedy."
Darwin's "Origin of Species."
Arabian Nights.

After the War Scare

The Nation.

The effect abroad of the English wave of war hysteria, has not been exactly flattering to English pride. The world in general has wondered. German newspapers have made jokes about the imperturbable Briton. But perhaps the most unwelcome comment has come from the side of France. Some of the most serious French newspapers are now asking what value the Anglo-French entente can have, if England is in such a blue funk about her military helplessness. The readiness of Great Britain to come to the aid of France, in case of war, has been understood to be a part of the agreement between the two nations. Mr. Strachey writes incidentally in his recent book of "the knowledge that we should stand by France in case of any attack upon her by Germany." But the Paris Temps has been reading the confessions made for sentimental or partisan effect at the recent Press Conference and discovers that a British expeditionary force would not probably exceed three or four divisions. But that will never do, declares the Temps, for an offensive alliance. If England is not able to launch sixteen or eighteen divisions, she had better keep out of the coil of Continental politics, and be once more peaceable John Bull at home in his tight little island.

THE BYSTANDER



A Bunch of Doubles.
Joe Marsden's French.
Getting on to the Curves.
Jimmy and His Beachcombers.
The Hat That Hides.
Echoes From Hilo.

Most of our doubles work for the Rapid Transit Company. There is one conductor who looks enough like Link McCandless, though ten years younger, to be shot at sight by a sugar baron. Another is a living image, in his neat blue uniform, of Admiral Bob Evans. Caruso, the tenor, has his duplicate in everything but voice and monkeyshines in one of the motormen. So has Frederick Warde, the tragedian. A ringer for Francis M. Hatch worked the trolley for a long time, but has since joined the sure-enough cars on the O. R. & L. If Jimmy Piper ever comes back here with his imitations of local celebrities, all he will have to do is to wait in the opera house flies and send these railroad men on the stage, seriatim and in his name, to do impersonations.

Central Union is driving along well under its Scudder sails. Better keep them up.

The late Joe Marsden went abroad ten or twelve years ago, met Tolstoi and had the time of his life. He learned some French, and you never heard the last of it until the Advertiser interviewed him in his mixed tongue. It reported some of Joe's stories, interjecting frequent *eh biens, merci, sacre-es, sauve qui peut, mademoiselles, oysters a la poulette* and President "Loobys" with the result that Joe did not speak again while he was here. All he could do was to draw in his breath like a nervous Japanese and look fiercely at a hatchet in Hall & Son's window.

Jeffries says he will fight Johnson for heavyweight honors and then go on the stage. Perhaps! But he may have to go on the dead wagon instead.

Now that the Pearl Harbor dredging work and drydock construction will soon be under full swing, much of the material is to be dropped into a narrow neck of water to build a causeway connecting portions of the mainland again, so that the Oahu railroad can build across, thus making a short cut along one section of Pearl Harbor's shore. This will cut out a corkscrew-like section of the road and straighten up the line. I am reminded of the time when the railroad was being built and why it happens that there are so many curves and why the road follows almost every indentation of the shore. I have been told that the original surveys took the road through a group of cocoanut trees. Some of these had been cut down and the roadbed was almost through the grove, when the owner made some objection on behalf of the last tree, which stood about the middle of the proposed route. That tree had a peculiar call upon the affections of the owner, having been planted by a high chief of his family generations before. The railroad company had little money, was rushing its road out into what was then a half desert land—"Dillingham's Tolly," as the road was termed—and the company curved its track around the tree. Then there was an old Chinaman who lived on a piece of land over which the road was to go. In his property was a very small pond where he kept a few ducks. He objected. The company feared to go into court, because of the fees which it would have to pay, etc., and the road was curved to run around the pond. A favorite dog had been buried in some one's premises and the road had to avoid the headstone mound. But gradually the kinks are being taken out of the line—more's the pity. I'm from Missouri, and would like to be shown any prettier route for a railroad than the bays and coastline from Honolulu to Haleiwa.

No local official could be found yesterday to analyze the stomach of a dead Korean. There couldn't have been anything in it.

Jimmy Wilder, who is painting something, asked Detective Lake to find him a genuine beachcomber, and Lake went at it. There didn't happen to be any on the payroll of the County Attorney's office that week, owing, perhaps, to the activity of the garnishee man, so Lake hied him to the waterfront. Quite a number of the gentry were there, left over from last year's election, and Lake sent Jimmy the worst-looking one in the bunch. Then he thought it over and sent the unhappy artist the rest of them. That is why the Wilder studio of late has looked like a Salvation Army lodginghouse and smelt like a bumboat out with a joy party on the sewer system.

The Governor got an official notice the other day addressed to him at the "Execution building." The writer hadn't heard, evidently, that the High Sheriff had gone back to the jail.

Since the question of improper pictures on display at moving picture theaters has been disposed of and the managers are to censor all films before showing them to the public, another question almost as important should be settled, and that is the big hat nuisance. The moving picture seating arrangements are such that if any one is a little taller than yourself and sits in the place in front of you, your view of the screen is almost obstructed. When a feminine patron with a big peach basket or waste basket or frying pan style of Gainsborough, with numerous feathers bobbing up and down, drops into a seat just ahead, you might just as well reach under your chair, extract your own flat straw tile and wander out into the foyer, for you won't be able to see anything on the screen. If I were a woman, I believe I would just as soon let a mere man get a peep at the show, for he pays just as much to get in.

Kuhio said yesterday that he might retire. Within five minutes two slender pyramids arose in the sky behind the Pali. They were Link's cocked ears.

The Hilo celebration, although it seems to have ended in a tragic muddle, (Continued on Page Five.)

Commercial News

The stock market has shown a decided upward tendency all along the line during the past week, nearly all stocks closing yesterday at a considerable advance over the closing prices of the previous week-end. Trading in a number of stocks has been brisk, Pioneer, Hawaiian C. & S. Co., and Oahu leading in the number of shares that changed hands.

Oahu is the only stock listed that showed a downward tendency during the week, it being very erratic. The opening price of this stock on Tuesday was \$30.375. It sagged steadily until it touched the bottom figure of \$29 on Friday, but rallied yesterday, with brisk trading in small blocks, to \$29.75. None of the brokers are able to explain the drop of Friday to \$29, and they contend that the rapid subsequent rise of three-quarters of a point yesterday demonstrates that there was no justification for the sales at the lower figure.

Trading in Ewa was light, but the stock showed an upward tendency and reached the highest price it has touched in many months, twenty-one shares changing hands yesterday at \$29.

The sales of Hawaiian Commercial demonstrate the general upward tendency of the market, the highest figure since the boom of 1899, when the stock sold at \$128, being reached. The closing price of \$131.50 yesterday is equal to \$126 a share on the old basis.

The strongest advance was made by Pioneer, which opened on Tuesday at \$166 and closed yesterday five points higher.

O. R. & L. advanced to \$135, seventy-three shares changing hands at that figure on Thursday. The advance appears to be one of the direct results of the refunding of the \$2,000,000 6 per cent. bonds into 5 per cent. bonds, thus saving, for the seventeen and a half years the bonds still have to run, the sum of \$350,000. An indirect result of this refunding was the activity of Hilo Railway, the old bonds selling vigorously at \$96 to \$96.25, and the flotation of the Onomea section of the Hakala division—\$250,000 at \$95 and 15 per cent. in stock bonus.

Olaa and McBryde stiffened perceptibly, the result of some holders of the old railway bonds choosing to cash in rather than take the 5 per cent. bonds, they preferring 6 per cent. bonds of long-time duration.

Waialua was fairly steady during the week, with little trading. The opening and closing prices were the same, \$92.50, though one sale of ten shares at \$92 was made.

Honokaa was quiescent, two sales being recorded, both at \$17. Holders asked as a rule \$17.50.

The Inter-Island stock dividend, recently declared, has apparently increased confidence in this stock, holders being assured that the enterprise will make a good showing on the increased number of shares. This is shown by the fact that the stock is selling at a relatively higher price now than before the stock dividend was declared; \$110 was the figure that appeared on the boards this week as bid, with \$115 asked. Two purchases of half shares were made at \$65—equal to \$130 per share. The higher price was realized because of the fact that no half-share certificates will be issued, and those who received a half share as a result of the transaction either had to sell it or purchase another half share.

Hawaiian Commercial has been the steadiest stock of any during the past six months. There are rumors of two extra dividends, but those who should know refuse to say anything along this line. The crop for the year is practically all off, 52,750 tons being out of the way, so there is little to fear in the improbable event of labor troubles there.

There is an evident tendency on the part of capital to consider investments paying smaller dividends than have heretofore been considered in the Territory, and predictions are freely made that it will not be long before stocks paying 6 and 8 per cent. will be eagerly sought after. There appears to be plenty of money to cover everything good that comes out, and some outside capital is said to be looking for good Hawaiian investments. A large number of shares of sugar stock have been sold to tourists recently.

The strike does not appear to be entering into the calculations of stock dealers at all. There has actually been more trading since it began than there was before. The injunction granted Friday appears to have had no effect upon (Continued on Page Five.)

Small Talks

H. P. WOOD—The Floral Parade of 1910 will be thoroughly advertised all over the world.

SHIPPING COMMISSIONER ALMY—I am mightily anxious to know when the Prosper is coming back.

S. G. HINDS—None of our equipment is here yet, but it won't be long before the rock begins to fly for the Pearl Harbor drydock.

JAILER ASCH—We have only one class of prisoners in the new county jail—short-term men—and they are now the real "boys in blue."

CHIEF JUSTICE HARTWELL—I visited Pacific Heights the other day and the place struck me as one of the pleasantest sites about here for summer homes.

COUNTY ENGINEER GERE—I was both surprised and pleased at the excellent sanitary conditions which I found prevailing in the public schools of this city.

A. L. C. ATKINSON—The Honolulu Hale should be held. The government ought not to sell any of its downtown property, especially for the sake of retiring a few bonds.

SHERIFF JARRETT—What makes me sore is that I didn't get that dinner. If Baker had really invited me, I wouldn't have a thing to say. I am very anxious to meet Mr. Baker.

H. P. WOOD—There is no doubt but that the Hawaii exhibit at the Seattle fair is one of the big successes, and it will lay the foundation for the exhibit we hope to make at Atlantic City next winter.

JOS. GOO KIM—I hope to leave soon for Canton to close up some business affairs of my late father. I will have to go into the interior of the North Canton Province, some 800 miles from the city. I hope, also, to enter the government service.

EBEN LOW—I want another race between the Concord and the Hawaii. I have had her sails stretched out and have picked a good crew, leaving out Admiral Beckley, Prince Cupid, and the Advertiser man, who sings songs when he ought to be working.

WILLARD BROWN—An automobile is the most useful thing in the world. Half the pleasure of driving a machine round town is to pick up my friends and take them along. I guess the Rapid Transit people will forgive me for what few nickels I beat them out of.

H. M. AYRES—What made me mad at the Hilo races was a \$2 wireless from here saying that the printer wouldn't get out the Pacific Weekly without pay in advance. It was a thing I already knew and hadn't the slightest interest in, and it took the last \$2 I had to bet with. The wireless system is one of the most mischievous things ever invented.

An Open Diplomatic Door

New York Evening Post.

It is a highly commendable move to try to keep open the door of diplomatic preferment to capable American citizens who do not happen to be rich. Of recent years, the expenditure required to support the social status of an ambassador abroad has made the official salary seem exceedingly meager. The American Embassy Association, whose object is the correction of this anomaly, is therefore engaged in a good cause. One can not, however, quite escape envying E. Clarence Jones, the president of this organization, his pleasant task of making a "personal investigation" of the way our diplomats are housed abroad, the cost of living in foreign capitals, and the allowances made by other governments to their diplomats. It is possible that Mr. Jones, after having been feted at such unpretentious establishments as that on Park Lane, London, may at least alter the wording of his propaganda, and abandon the idea of finding "more fitting abodes" for our diplomatic representatives. The abodes are "fitting" enough, if the salary were commensurate. Meanwhile Frederick A. Delano, president of the Wabash Railroad, announces his intention of sticking to railroading rather than take the Chinese mission. It is a bit odd to hear that he regards railroading as affording "no schooling in diplomacy." He must be a man with unusual definitions.

Justice in China

Shanghai Mercury.

Six weeks hence the brutal murder of the native constable on China New Year's Eve will be expiated, at any rate in part, by the execution of two of the murderers. In the Native City yesterday four of the men committed from the Mixed Court were on trial for the crime, and after some two and a half hours' hearing a couple were sentenced to death, sentence on the others being withheld at present. Mr. Li, Acting City Magistrate, Mr. Pao, Mixed Court Magistrate, and the Magistrate of the French Mixed Court formed the tribunal, and the trial consisted largely of the extortion of a confession from one of the men. For over an hour he was compelled to kneel on chains, but this proving ineffectual he was strung up to the roof by his queue, and when taken down was flogged first with a heavy bamboo and afterwards with light sticks which served to raise huge welts upon his flesh. After a couple of hours he confessed his share in the crime, and also implicated another of the accused. He was then with the other man sentenced to death, while it is understood that long terms of imprisonment will await the other two. The sentence will be carried out in about six weeks' time, probably by decapitation.